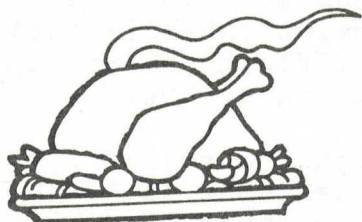


VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

Vol. IX, No. 3

Cockeysville, Md.

November 1987



No need to tell you about November's Legal Holidays. What we all knew as Armistice Day has been Veterans Day for some time and there will be plenty of reminders (including a letter from Food Service) about Thanksgiving on the 26th. However, our ardent Feminists may wish to pause a moment on November 12th to recognize the birthday of Elizabeth Cady Stanton who was a pioneer leader in the fight for legal rights for women. She was born in 1815.

As a further hint to the lady who wanted more puzzles - why not send the Voice a list of "Pet Peeves" such as the drivers whose rear windows always reflect the sun into the eyes of the driver behind. (Never mind what his rear window does to the car following.) Or, "When driving on an unknown expressway, why is there always a huge truck ahead to obscure the road signs we are looking for?"

The Residents Association went to great length to prepare a list of "Charges" for the Cluster Representatives. Of course, they meant "chores" not penal charges. Anyway they missed one - last month a Cluster Rep was called upon to evict a small snake from a neighbor's kitchen.

According to the Cathedral Villager (Philadelphia) the persons in what we call the "Buddy System"

are referred to as "Check Mates." Quite appropriate!

An article in the SUN on the first day of fall helps to justify our many moans and groans during the summer. It states that this was the "hottest summer on record in Baltimore City where temperatures have been recorded since 1871" and none of us here can remember further back than that. Also rainfall for June, July and August was 9.29 inches which was well below the normal rainfall for that period of 12.27 inches.

The VOICE has just received a note signed "Miss with too much time on her hands" reminiscent of some of the Indian names like "Lone Pine struck by lightning." The request was for puzzles in the VOICE. But joking aside if the author were known some interesting activity might be suggested. The VOICE really does not like anonymous communications. Is the sender serious? Is there a hidden joker? One puzzle (by Sam Hoover) was printed but it was devised by a Resident and had local reference. There are all too many crossword, anagram, acrostic and other puzzles available in the supermarkets and drugstores for the VOICE adequately to compete.

However, if folks with plenty of time want a good puzzle try Page 5 of the John Hopkins magazine for August 1987. That may take a few days! Or get two or three friends together and see who can come up with the most oxymorons in five minutes. The VOICE will cite "Jumbo Shrimp" or "poor little rich girl" as examples.

TOUR THE KITCHEN

A lady on our Futures list sent a postcard to the Editor pointing out that we were unaware that we had been spelling "In Memoriam" incorrectly and then turned the knife in the wound by asseverating that the expression was Latin. She has been offered the position of Proofreader as soon as she gets here.

The papers on September 30th stated that Victor Posner (one of whose properties adjoins Broadmead) has pleaded "No Contest" to charges alleging avoiding \$1.2 million in federal income taxes. According to the Wall Street Journal he could face up to 40 years in prison, a fine of \$75,000 as well as civil penalties, court costs and interest.

1b

S-M-O-O-T-H

A special note of thanks to Harry Tylor, Franc Beck and George Anderson for installing new slides on the rear legs of 270 main dining room chairs. They have made a world of difference for Residents and Staff in moving their chairs in and out from the tables.

Thank you, gentlemen.

Beth Connors
Main Dining Room
Supervisor

SHOP IN

It's getting to look a lot like Christmas in the Country Store! Nearly every day interesting, new and lovely items are delivered. Drop in and browse. You may find yourself doing some early Christmas shopping. Have you seen the cute clothes for little "grands" and "great-grands"?

Florence Horney

Look behind the scenes! Understand what lies behind the plates the servers put in front of you; why the kitchen is sometimes short of your favorite dish; what goes into making soup besides the basic ingredients; how our kitchen rates so high on state inspections; why the roast beef is not always rare (or very well done); how vegetables are kept from over-cooking; what is available in case a blizzard delays supplies, and much, much more.

Watch the Bulletin Board for the time to see what is behind that passageway where the servers dart in and out.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS SEW

Since its inception at Broadmead the Sew and So group has had occasional entertainments for the "Sewers." Many Residents have shown slides, given serious talks or told personal anecdotes. These sessions have not been limited only to those who SEW but everyone else was made welcome if interested in what was being presented.

On the 14th of October the interested group was too large for the Sewing Room so it was moved to the Auditorium to be regaled by a causerie from Helen Weber called "Hitting The High Spots." These were a series of reminiscences including seeing the investiture of a Papal Legate who later became Pope; a friendly Japanese who knew she was an American because her feet were so big (Helen claims her shoe size is 6½AA); the purchase of a Mao jacket in blue when the correct color for women was gray; the sight of a 90-year old Lapplander grandmother sewing reindeer skins and other charming anecdotes.

Next time, even if you don't SEW, drop in on the SO part of the activity. You will be pleased.

LB

OUTPATIENT NEWS

Meet the new, or newest, Nurse Practitioner at Broadmead. She is Cherie (Holden) Sewell, of our Out-patient Department, who brings considerable experience to her new position.

"We are certainly very happy that she has come aboard," joyfully said Jean Roberts, the veteran nurse practitioner. Mrs. Sewell is serving Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, sharing the week with Jean.

Before coming to Broadmead, Cherie was a nurse practitioner, 1973-1983, at Sinai Hospital in the primary care unit; at the same time she also worked with the mentally retarded at the Chimes. From 1983-1986, she was with the health program at Loyola College, and last year was at the Wyman Park Medical Center.

She is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University with a bachelor of nursing degree and is working on the master's in administrative science. Evidence of her varied interests is shown that she also earned the master of liberal arts degree from the Hopkins, a program which Cherie describes as "being lots of fun." She became an R.N. after two years at the Sinai Nursing School in 1971.

Cherie was born in Dover, Delaware. She has been married to John, an engineer, for six years. No children, as yet.

IN MEMORIAM

Grace E. Cullum

August 4, 1907 September 20, 1987

Dorothy W. Reeder

December 8, 1903 October 5, 1987

Ruth J. Watson

September 22, 1895 October 9, 1987

ANN BYERLY, FLUTEMOLLY NEWTON, PIANO

The flute, a direct descendant of the recorder and a relative of its antecedent primitive pipes, held sway in the auditorium for an hour on Sunday, October 11. Ann Byerly, a former pupil of Bonnie Lake, performed for the enjoyment of an appreciative Broadmead audience, accompanied for the first time by Molly Newton on the piano.

This instrument, the most melodious of the orchestral family of woodwinds (a matter of opinion, of course!) not so many years ago was made of wood. It has now reached its developmental maturity by being constructed of silver - rarely of gold - where its purity of quality and bell-like tone can be achieved by the accomplished musician.

The program began with the tuneful J. S. Bach Sonata in E-flat major. The two lively first and last movements embrace a lovely contemplative Siciliano, the entirety presented expertly by our young artist. A gap of 200 years was bridged by the last two numbers of the afternoon. Albert Roussel, a late 19th early 20th century French composer, wrote a descriptive piece, each movement a musical representation of a fictional flute player. The last selection was by the Russian Revolutionary composer Sergei Prokofieff. Sonata in D Major was originally written for the flute and later transcribed for the violin. The frequently atonal composition ended with a melodious allegro con brio.

The young performers became more comfortable with each other as the program progressed. We agree with our music chairman, Maxie Howlett, who said, "They gave us a treat for our eyes as well as our ears."

B-Flat

Even Dr. Samuel H. Hoover can be taken by surprise - as he was just a few days ago when he received a letter, out of the blue, from Gov. William Donald Schaefer.

He was more surprised when he read it, so unexpected it was.

Gov. Schaefer wrote that he had recently visited Western Maryland College - as the Governor has a way of doing - and had learned that the college library was named in honor of the Hoovers. The letter continued:

"President Chambers spoke warmly of the loyalty and support you and your wife have long given the college. His remarks impressed me, for I know how critical the generosity of trustees is in maintaining and building upon the quality of our institutions of higher education. Western Maryland is one of the best of these, and the support of fine folks such as you and Mrs. Hoover has helped make it so.

"On behalf of the State of Maryland and the many, many students that you have helped, thank you for your interest in Western Maryland College."

To which the Voice adds, "Many congratulations, Elsie and Sam."

JUDGE KAUFMAN NEXT SPEAKER

For the third time, Senior Judge Frank Kaufman, of the U.S. District Court, will be the speaker for the Broadmead Discussion Group, at an evening meeting, Thursday, November 5, at 7:15 o'clock. His topic will be "The Constitution and the Supreme Court."

This is another lecture in the Discussion Group's series in observance of the 200th anniversary of the Constitution.

The coveted Priority Number of some future Broadmead Residents is shared with a pet. Probably most of the pets are dogs. These prospective Canine Clusterites must undergo a personal interview by Karolyn Huffman. This humane director of Admissions examines each four-legged candidate with the sympathetic eye of the long-time dog lover. Not only are the immunization records reviewed but also some judgment is made of the pooch's disposition and his or her adaptability to social living. This line of questioning produced a certain amount of growling. One applicant claimed invasion of privacy and another - a splendid chocolate Standard Poodle - asked questions as a minor. But with final acceptance each and every one regarded himself and herself a lucky dog. It is suggested that Dog Tags be distributed headed "Canine Clusterite," to be worn proudly by each recipient.

What is a dog's life at Broadmead? It is the early morning walk on the Perimeter Road with its bordering fine stand of trees, its frequent posts and strategically placed fireplugs. Rabbits and chipmunks abound. Best of all is meeting other members of the Pampered Pet Club. Sometimes it is just a casual "good morning" but at other times a spirited greeting is marked by a certain amount of dog talk and much sniffing and prancing. On these occasions not much regard is paid to the other end of the leash which is subject to pulling and jerking. Actually, these maneuverings and the three or four times a day exercise is just what the doctor ordered, which may give new meaning to the familiar aphorism about Dog being Man's Best Friend. On the other hand, these fortunate quadrupeds who reap the considerable benefits of Broadmead Living might, in their own fraternity, consider Man, Dog's Best Friend.

Dockie

THE KNOWLEDGE REQUIREMENT

A "knowledge requirement" for all high U.S. officials, from the President down, is the prescription for better government offered by Dr. Ralph White, when he spoke to the Broadmead Discussion Group (Oct.6).

The topic upon which he was invited to speak was "The Constitution, Congress and Foreign Policy," but he gave a refreshing and far-reaching discourse on how all areas of the national life could be improved, if more of the official leaders and policymakers were chosen based on knowledge rather than on the popular whims of the public.

Ralph White's "knowledge requirement" would include some formal test of candidates for office, whether elected or appointed, and would include examination and rating as to:

1. Practical experience
2. Knowledge of foreign affairs, including some living abroad, or actual work in the State Department
3. Some knowledge of economics

Some kind of super board would give these tests and make the ratings, it was assumed, but test of character and integrity, and such values, would be left to popular vote, according to Dr. White who, as is well known, is a Broadmead Resident.

This design was suggested because the speaker, following the celebrated Alexis de Tocqueville, adheres to the proposition of "Never underestimate the intelligence of the public; never overestimate the knowledge of the public." In other words, the way in which high officials are now elected expects too much of the public's knowledge.

Dr. White asked: "If you had a serious illness, would you go to someone who had never gone to medical school? If you had an important case in court, would you go to someone who had not gone to law school or passed the bar?"

White's blueprint, when, as and if adopted, in perhaps the distant future, would put an end to "Catering to the views of the public, and would choose our presidents and other high officials because of what they know."

The really spellbound audience of about 100, with some urging, raised several questions balancing the qualities of "direct democracy" (as in the U.S.A.) with the rather elitist pattern as outlined by White. Afterwards, the consensus was that the lecture was "refreshing" and "very provocative."

Ralph White was born in Detroit. He holds the bachelor's degree from Wesleyan University and the Ph.D. from Stanford. He has taught at Wesleyan, Cornell and George Washington. In addition, he has served the U.S. government as a translator of Russian at the CIA at the State Department and the U.S. Information Agency.

He is president-elect of the International Society of Political Psychology. He is the author of Fearful Warriors, a treatise on the people who, in the future, may become warriors against each other.

G. James Fleming

SPECIAL NOTICE VEGETABLE GARDENERS

All vegetable gardeners are urged to have gardens cleared of vegetation (tomato plants, beans, corn, etc.) this fall. Thus reducing the carry-over of disease and insect pests and making possible the spreading of leaves (mulch) if desired over their gardens.

Help (for hire) is available to do this work.

R. Shroat

RAY DONELSON - A-8 628-1323

Ray moved his furniture to Broadmead on July 23rd but his body has resided most of the summer at his hide-away home on the water on the Northern Neck of Virginia. He is a native Baltimorean, a graduate of Poly, studied at Johns Hopkins University, and holds a degree in education from the University of Maryland. His career spans years of work with young people for he started as an instructor while earning his college credits. He was a teacher, an administrator, and principal, and even after retirement taught at Towson State. His hobbies include playing the organ, reading, and fishing and boating from his Virginia home.

SAM LEGG AND ALICIA LEGG - P-12
628-2494

Sam moved into P-12 in the middle of August and in mid-September was joined by his sister, Alicia. The Leggs are New Jersey natives having grown up in Hackensack and started school there. However their paths diverged in their teen years. Sam went to St. Paul's School in New Hampshire and Yale University and taught languages for a brief period prior to World War II. During the war as an ardent Quaker he served our country as a conscientious objector working with the retarded and as a guinea pig in a program for the rehabilitation of starving populations. After the war he lived in Paris for several years and worked with the European Friends organization for war relief. He returned to this country about 1950 and worked at administration and teaching at Friends School in Baltimore. During the 1960's his late wife taught at Northern High School while he served as Director of Admissions, Councilor, and advisor to foreign students at Morgan State College. In 1975 he retired and moved to Paris where he worked with the Quaker United Nations in Geneva. He has a son, a daughter, and 5 grandchildren living

in California. His hobbies include mountain climbing, cross-country skiing, walking, and music.

Alicia moved from New York City after working as curator at the Museum of Modern Art in that city. Her fame preceded her arrival here as no less than 3 Residents sent in an article published in the N.Y. Times on June 10, 1987 describing the affection of the staff there for her and her ability. Alicia attended the Ogantz School near Philadelphia and the Art Students League in New York. She was employed at the Museum of Modern Art from 1949 until 1987 when she retired to come to Broadmead. Her hobbies include art, reading, and travel.

DR. GEORGE AND MARY ELLEN ANDERSON
C-19 666-0696

The Andersons moved in mid-September from Morehead City, N.C. where they had lived for 16 years. She is a native of York, Pa. and he of Rochester, N.Y. Mary Ellen attended the National Cathedral School in Washington, D.C. and worked as a Girl Scout Director before raising two active boys. George is a graduate of the University of Rochester and its medical school and was an active pediatrician until his retirement. As an interne he was employed as a pediatric consultant for the state of North Carolina and thus began a life-long love affair with that state. (We feel fortunate that they chose Maryland for their ultimate retirement.) One of the Andersons' sons lives in Belair and the other with their three grandchildren in Arizona. Mary Ellen's hobbies include early American decorating such as stenciling, Tole painting, and theorem work. George is an ex-golfer, makes jewelry, and is already well acquainted with our wood working shop.

See Next Page

Bunny came to Broadmead on September 21st from Oxford, Maryland. Though a native Pennsylvanian, she grew up in New England, attended Wellesley College and considers herself a real New Englander. She met her late husband, an electrical engineer, in California and was married by Broadmead's beloved Guthrie Speers. The Longs had no children but spent many happy years traveling around the world, living for about six years in Spain prior to the revolution of 1936. Bunny is an ardent bird watcher (Nancy Rowe take note!), enjoys walking and has great talent in hand weaving beautiful fabrics.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S CORNER

I was 12 years old when I received my first perceived lesson in the psychology of appeasement, permissiveness and re-enforcement. My parents gave me a beautiful, intelligent Shetland pony which I was soon riding all over our farm and throughout our small country village. At the end of each ride, I fed Patsy some oats. Very quickly Patsy began to shorten my ride, without approval, by returning to the barn. Actually, she would race with me clinging on for dear life. I fed her even more oats to allay her hostility and win her friendship. But it didn't seem to work. One day my father observed this process. Needless to say, his response was most unfavorable. For more than four hours both pony and I were sent on numerous errands, none of which were rewarded by kind words or oats. Both of us were much wiser. Patsy never ran off again and I have since abstained from re-enforcing unbecoming behavior, human or animal, with rewards.

It wasn't until I got to college that I learned of Ivan Pavlov's (1849-1936) classical experiments on conditioned responses. It wasn't until I got to medical school that I learned about psychological transference and projection.

The bottom line is that many times it is difficult to distinguish between kindness and appeasement, or differentiate our own fears, anxieties and hostilities from those which we attribute (transfer and project) to others. By the same process, we confuse do-gooders and good Samaritans. Do-gooders are motivated by either guilt, fear, or self-grandisement, or a combination of all. They become self-appointed, well intended, unsolicited advocates whose interventions are frequently more destructive than beneficial. Good Samaritans, on the other hand, are motivated by faith, hope and charity, seeking neither recognition nor reward. They neither manipulate nor blame. In the simplest terms, it is a difference between love of self and a love of others.

Who said psychology was complicated?

Thomas Crawford, M.D.



REMINDER

NOVEMBER BARN SALE

Thursday, November 5
7 A.M. - 4 P.M.
Friday, November 6
9 A.M. - 1 P.M.

Come Join The Fun
Bring Your Money Too
For Bargain Sales!!

THE FINDING

I bade an old friend good-bye today. One of a kind with whom I have been in close personal contact these last seventy years. She was the last of many of a series of automobiles I have owned and been privileged to drive. Most every day of my life from age sixteen has involved and included one or more of these machines.

It started with a Model T-Ford and ended with a Chevy Station Wagon which I had kept longer than any before. In between I tried many makes and models, often a two or three car owner. The rigors of winter and the torrid heat of summer rode with me to work and for every convenience and pleasure in the days before heaters and air conditioners.

The automobile and I are contemporaries and I have often said that I helped to finance all of Henry Ford's experiments. Of course that was true only to the extent that we all did, quite cheerfully, because everybody had to have one and the industry thrived on the ambition of all, from the least of us to the best of us to get on wheels of a quality most affordable to us. In the beginning, credit was not so generally available to all. It seemed so short a time before we were dependent upon the motor car. To market, to weddings and funerals, to church and school. Down a moonlit lane to spoon. How well I remember.

Over the years I can only guess how many thousands of miles we have traveled together, my car and I. Rough rural roads and crowded city streets, the over land miles seeming shorter with the construction of by-passes and super highways. Sometimes ferried over broad stretches of water to continue journeys to far places.

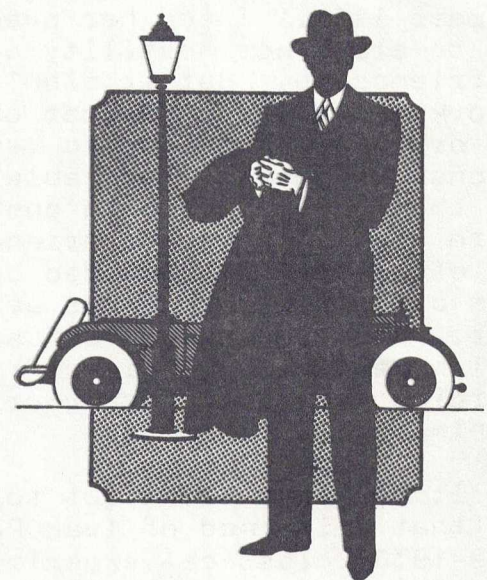
As speed increased more hazards became apparent. Better roads were needed and by delayed

stages have appeared only to overload bridges and approaches. The shocking toll of accidents has driven insurance rates skyward from the sheer impact of too much traffic, vehicles and people.

When I came to Broadmead I chose to bring the older of two cars. It was a good choice and served me well. Then when the time came when I realized I could not continue to drive without risking the safety of myself and others, I knew it. It was a painful decision for me but a great relief from responsibility once it was made. Now I must adjust as I have seen others do. It isn't easy for a while.

We are fortunate to have the National Safety Council Defensive Driving Courses available to us at Broadmead. They keep before us the criteria for safe driving at all times and in subtle ways remind us that the clock is ticking toward our time to bow out with dignity and wonderful memories of times with a good old friend.

G. Clyde Andrew



GROUND BREAKING

At the ground-breaking ceremony for the opening of Broadmead the following prayer was offered by Bliss Forbush. Nancy Rowe suggested that it be reprinted here as a follow-up to the recent Anniversary Celebration. It appeared recently in the Friends School Collections for Summer 1987:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for all of those who have dreamed, planned, and labored, that the foundations of this Community may begin to rise today. We pray that when walls have been built and roofed over, they will surround a haven of rest and quiet for many; and an open door for others where a new creative life may be discovered, new fellowship enjoyed, new avenues opened for enriched activities. May old friends be united and new friends be found. May growth of heart and mind be assured. We have been told that unless the Lord build a house, they labor in vain that build it. May Thy spirit and inspiration be with the builders of Broadmead that, through the years, it will prove a blessing to all who live within the friendly surroundings."



CRAFT AND HOBBY SHOW

Believe it or not it's time to start planning for our annual Craft and Hobby Show. The date, Saturday, January 16, has been selected and as usual it will be held in the Auditorium from 1 P.M. until 8 P.M. This event is one of, if not the most, popular affairs involving the Residents. Two hundred and eighteen signed the register as having witnessed last year's show and it is known that many did not stop to sign.

We are anxious to have many of the new Residents join with our regulars to help make this year's show the best yet. A notice will be posted on the Bulletin Board for those interested to sign. You will be contacted to determine the nature of your display and the amount of space required.

Black, Kerr, Terry, Hoover, chair.
Craft and Hobby Show Committee



BIRD NOTES

If you go away and leave your feeder untended, have no fear, for "your" birds are constantly feeding all over Broadmead, and until February there is still much natural food available.

Seed should be placed in a mouse-proof container in your patio closet and to guard against insect infestation in your apartment. Maintenance earnestly requests that seed be dispensed from a feeder, not scattered on the ground.

Please don't fail to note your observations on the bulletin board pad. None is too ordinary for our enjoyment nor too insignificant for our records.

Peregrine falcon news: thanks to Polly Ford, we now know that of the four eggs that hatched, two young fledged and two died, one from falling off the ledge and the other from natural causes.

Nancy Rowe

THE YORK ROAD

On September 14th the TOWSON FLIER ran an article titled "200 Years on the Road to York." The following excerpt from that interesting article is printed here through the courtesy of the FLIER. Residents will recognize the lady who was interviewed for the paper.

"Govans School consisted of two rooms downstairs and two upstairs. To the west was a large hall which had a front door used by the girls and back door used by the boys. Each morning all the pupils met in the two upstairs rooms. The Bible was read, the Lord's Prayer recited, and a hymn was sung. Miss Nannie Feast played the piano while we sang.

"We had no playground equipment but we were happy. We girls would play 'Home, Sheep, Run' or jump rope with our own ropes. In winter we would slide on the ice.

"There was no water in our house, so we had to obtain it from Mrs. Kenwick who lived next door. It was my job as the youngest child to carry water for drinking and cooking from her basement. Water for washing was gotten at the windmill on the other side of the house.

"Homeland, then Mr. E. Glen Perine's estate, afforded us much pleasure. We gathered violets in the spring and in the fall brought home hickory nuts and chestnuts. Holding a flat iron between our knees, we cracked the nuts with a hammer. Picking out the hickory kernels was laborious work, but if we wanted them for candy, it had to be done.

"In the summer time we would pack a lunch and picnic down by the lakes. Taking off our shoes and stockings, we would then walk over the slippery moss-covered stones which formed a passageway between

the lakes. Near the lakes was a spring. Stone steps led down to the spring, and on the side hung an iron dipper suspended by a chain. This was known as 'Indian Spring.'

"I spoke of the dusty condition of York Road. How well do I remember the muddy condition of Rosebank Avenue. Unless your overshoes fitted very snugly, you were likely to leave one behind as you crossed the street. My friend Esther once received from a humorous suitor a letter addressed to Mudbank Avenue! The postman delivered it without question.

"Our bathroom had nothing but an old-fashioned tub which rested on four iron feet. It was my duty to fill the water pitchers in each bedroom and empty the chamberpots.

"Chickens were my responsibility. I had to feed them, give them water, gather the eggs and clean the henhouse. If a thunderstorm was imminent, I had to catch the little chickens and put them where they would not be drowned.

"My big responsibility was delivering milk twice a day and collecting the money on Saturday. Then too I gathered bags of leaves to be used as bedding for the cows.

"Setting the table, washing the dishes, dusting and some of the ironing fell to my lot. Also I had to fill the kerosene lamps, trim the wicks and wash the chimneys.

"After Papa's death, when I was 16 years old, I did much of the caring for the fires. I could split wood for kindling and shovel coal and carry out ashes as well as anyone else. I had to learn how to bank the fires at night and how to cut back on the dampers. If the fire went out during the night, I would have to clean out the furnace and put in some newspaper, kindling and then coal to start a fresh fire.

See Next Page

A portable oil stove helped to heat our parlor, which often was quite cool.

"Life was simple in those days. There was not much police protection. In fact, it was not needed. Our fire engine was drawn by horses. Garbage was collected by Mr. Fisher in an open wagon. Food was cheap, salaries, wages and taxes were low. Our first tax bill was for \$10.00. Life had advantages and disadvantages.

"I think I have lived in a history-making era and am thankful to have these memories."

Eleanor A. Mathews

(Eleanor A. Matthews lived on Ballona Avenue in the early 1900s)



BRIDGE

Somerset Maugham was an enthusiastic bridge player. These words of his, recently quoted in an American Contract Bridge League tournament bulletin, should be of interest to all of us fellow aficionados:

"There are people who have no head for cards. It is impossible not to be sorry for them, for what, one asks oneself, can the future offer them when the glow of youth has departed and advancing years force them, as they force all of us, to be spectators rather than actors in the comedy of life. To have learned to play a good game of bridge is the safest insurance against the tedium of old age. Throughout life one might find in cards endless entertainment and occupation for the idle hours that rest the mind from cares and exercises the intelligence.

"Meanness and generosity, prudence and audacity, courage and timidity, weakness and strength, all, these men show at the card table according to their natures; and, because they are intent upon the game, drop the mask they wear in the ordinary affairs of life. Few are so deep that you do not know the essential facts about them after a few rubbers of bridge.

"For the people who say that only the stupid can play cards, err; they do not know what quick decisions, what quickness of apprehension, what judgment, what knowledge of character are required to play a difficult hand perfectly. The student of human nature can find endless matter for observation in the behavior of his fellow card players."

DEPARTMENT OF
CONSTANT ADMONITION

Light, healthy, outdoor exercise is highly recommended by our Out-Patient Department.

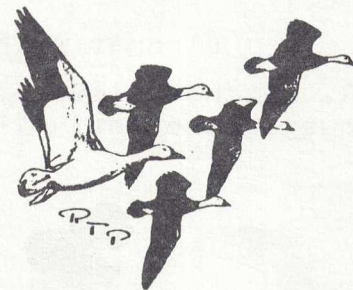
Pick a bright, cool, brisk and sunny day in November and see that your Flood Plain garden is cleared of all stakes, wire fences and metal poles and other such remnants of your summer's garden. After all, you cannot expect another crop this season.

Pat may pick an early day in spring to roto-till the gardens and this year's constructions will be in the way.



Maryland's official State tree is the magnificent Wye Oak located on Maryland's Eastern Shore at Wye Mills. More than 450 years old, this National Champion White Oak is 28 feet around at breast height, 165 feet tall at the crown, and shades an area of about $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre. It became the State tree in 1941.

Canada geese in Flight - The V-formation allows all but the leader to fly in favorable air currents. The older, stronger birds alternate the lead.



Broadmead

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VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

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